Wm Bronscombe 30-204

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The Harbor Blocked.

(S. E. A. Johnson, in 'The Cottager and Artizan.')

That fishing smack had been carrying too much sail, so the seamen standing round about the harbor said.

Rushing madly through the waves that windy afternoon, it had missed the proper opening to the harbor, and had been dashed against the pier head at the harbor mouth. There it could be seen, hooked on to the pier head, unable to free itself.

A WINDY AFTERNOON.

The crew had been quite easily saved, of course. But there stuck the smack, not only itself a wreck, but increasing the danger for many other boats that stormy week, for was it not blocking the harbor mouth?

'Ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered' (St. Luke xi., 52): so spake our Saviour when he was upon earth. Let us take heed to ourselves how we sail along the sea of life. If we carry too much sail, if we rush along madly without watching for the current of God's will, there is danger lest we not only come to grief ourselves, but lest we also block the entrance into safety for others.

But, on the other hand, for those who think something or other is blocking their way, this story has a bright side. One amongst the smacks that were trying to gain the harbor did gain it, in spite of the obstacle in the way.

One whole morning had that boat been trying to baffle the stormy wind that was apt to blow it every way but the right, and to enter the harbor through the narrow opening still left alongside the wreck. The whole morning it had been trying in vain, until at last an unexpected blast from the right direction blew it safely through into the harbor without another effort of its own.

Cheers and clapping of hands were heard on every side.

We may feel there is a block of some kind in our way just now. Whatever it may be, cannot the breath, or even the mighty wind of God's Holy Spirit, blow us safely past into our harbor?

Helper and Helped.

(Charlotte Archer Raney, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

The superintendent of the Sunday-school was ready to give up in despair. Four times within as many months had he been compelled to find a teacher for Class A. Only last Sunday he had congratulated himself that his trouble with those young ladies was ended for a while, when he placed over then as teacher Miss Burke, of the university. And now, at the close of one lesson, Miss Burke had given up the class in silent disgust, and someone must be found to take her place. Truly, his position as superintendent of the flourishing Sunday-school of the B—— street church was full of trials.

He stood looking over the school too heavy-hearted to join in the singing of the closing hymn, his face settling into anxious lines and his thoughts full of perplexity. Unconsciously his eyes rested on a quiet-looking woman moving softly down the middle aisle of the church. As she took her place in her pew, he searched her face again and again, looked carefully over her very plain attire, smiled softly to himself and was ready to make one more effort in behalf of Class A.

At the close of Sunday-school Superintendent Baird sought out little Mrs. Tremont, and after much kindly persuasion obtained her promise to teach a class the following Sunday morning. It required a good deal of argument to convince Mrs. Tremont that it was her duty to take up the added burden of teaching in Sunday-school. She had been out of the work for five years, and had lost step with the steady march of progress in Sunday-school instruction. And, besides, she was a very busy woman, doing her own housework and spending her leisure time copying for a law office in the city, that she might help eke out her husband's too scanty wages as bookkeeper. Her youngest child, too, was but three years old—a live, energetic, active boy—and she could scarcely see that God required any more work of her than that which he had placed ready

to her hands inside the sacred walls of her home.

However, she at last decided to teach a class the next Sunday, and be guided by the result. If she could, by extra effort, make preparation of the lesson during the week, she should consider herself led of God to again take up the work. And Mr. Baird was well satisfied with her decision.

That was a strange week for Mrs. Tremont. She was watching, as never before, for the hand of God in all the varied happenings of each day, holding herself in loving readiness to be guided and led by him, and it was wonderful how he had made himself known to her in even the most common occurrence. She was given to much worrying and fretting over the heavy pressure of work and care that filled her life; but Monday's routine of crowding work never progressed so smoothly and rapidly; her copying never seemed so light a task, and at four o'clock she found herself with a whole hour for study before tea.

Feeling God's presence all about her, and the Holy Spirit illumining the pages of her worn Bible, she arose from the contemplation of the next Sunday's lesson with the consciousness of a new nearness to the Master she served.

And the other days of that week were as full of God's presence as Monday had been. His hand pointed out the way so plainly for her willing feet to follow that she was amazed, and wondered how she had failed to see and acknowledge more fully his blessed guidance in the years gone by. From her new standpoint God was to be seen and trusted and loved in all the every-day, work-a-day details of her overburdened busy life. The thought filled her to strive daily after holier living. And the atmosphere of that little home had the breath of heaven in it.

From a week of communion with the Master Mrs. Tremont presented herself before the superintendent Sunday morning, and asked to be shown to her class. When she found it was to be Class A, she stood aghast, and cried out:

'Oh, not that class, Mr. Baird! I cannot take that class! Why, I prepared myself to teach the infant class. Mrs. Brown has been called from the city, you know, and I supposed, of course, I was to take her place. I did not know there was any other vacancy.'

'Very well, Mrs. Tremont: if you have decided not to take Class A there is nothing more to be said. I shall make no further effort to secure a teacher, and they may disband. I see no good they get by coming here week after week, to whisper through the hour, or sit in smiling indifference under the painful efforts made by the teacher to interest them. That class has caused me more anxiety and given me more trouble finding a teacher willing to teach them than the whole of the Sunday-school,' and the shadows gathered in Mr. Baird's eyes and discouragement was written so plainly in the lines of his countenance that Mrs. Tremont's heart was filled with pity.

Seeing signs of relenting, the superintendent continued his plea: 'They are such bright, capable girls, Mrs. Tremont, and would be so helpful if they were once awake to the blessedness and the need of work for the Master. They are simply drifting with the current now, but let them give their hearts to Jesus and enlist in his service, and words cannot measure their power for uplift and blessing in this community. They all come from homes of wealth and culture, from homes, too, where God is not acknowledged, and you cannot calculate how far their influence might reach in their own homes and among their own associates.'

Mrs. Tremont promptly presented herself before Class A, was formally introduced to the young ladies and took up the duties of the hour.

Now, I don't know what there was in Mrs. Tremont's face that arrested the earnest attention of those young ladies, but soon the whole twelve were clustered closely about the plainly-dressed, unpretending little woman, their wandering thoughts riveted upon the words that fell softly from her lips. Perhaps it was the music of her voice that made the truths of the lesson so attractive; or perhaps it was the magic influence of her blue eyes that seemed to search down into the very depths of each young heart after hidden longings for the supreme good; or it might have been the compelling power of Christ shining in her countenance, for her week's close walk with Jesus had indeed left a light in her face that words do not adequately describe.

The Sabbaths passed on. The settled indifference of years was broken up, and Class A found it well worth while to give undivided attention to the truths which fell from their teacher's lips. Perhaps one secret of her power to hold the interest of these gay young girls was that she shunned most carefully the dusty, beaten paths of conventional teaching, dealing almost exclusively with the practical side of each lesson, bringing its truths to bear upon the personal responsibility of each of her scholars: clothing those truths in a language so plain and simple and so winning withal that they were led captive by the beauties of Christian living. Through all their lives they had had but little close personal teaching, these girls, and as they began to realize something of their great responsibilities, and became more and more awake to their capabilities for efficient service in Christ's vineyard, there sprang up in their hearts a strong desire to 'make the most of their lives.'

Can you imagine with what joy and gratitude Mrs. Tremont noted every sign, however feeble, of a desire for Christ in the heart.

She had not been a Christian of strong and vigorous faith in the years before she took charge of Class A, but her experience since then had been so marked by signal answers to prayers for her girls that her feeble trust, which scarcely deserved the name of faith, had grown stronger and stronger until now she 'came boldly to a throne of grace,' and asked great things for her class. Not an hour of her waking time, no matter how busy her hands, but carried up a petition for some one of her girls.

That their leader carried them on her heart to God almost hourly they had long since learned, and they expected to be saved. Their faith grew and thrived on the faith of their teacher. The confidence of their teacher inspired their confidence, and so they helped their helper and each other to higher planes of Christian living.

With every lesson taught and every prayer sent up in their behalf, Mrs. Tremont's class grew nearer and dearer to her. She came so close to her girls in their heart-to heart conferences that she discovered good impulses and good desires in the heart before they themselves were conscious of their existence; and God gave her grace and wisdom to foster and encourage these holy desires and impulses until they grew into the controlling power of the life.

And how those girls loved and revered their teacher! She was their ideal of all that was good and noble and true, and their idea of her helped her to become what they believed her to be. She had been of hasty temper, impatient and often fretful in the past, being burdened with overmuch work for her dear ones and care for their comfort. But now they saw a new expression on her weary face; heard the angry and impatient word checked on the very threshold of her lips and gentle words taking the place of fretful repinings. And the new atmosphere of that home had a most blessed influence upon its inmates.

Time passed. The members of Class A came into the kingdom and promptly united with the church, where they found new, large and precious opportunities, and a wide field for usefulness opened before them. To Mrs. Tremont fell the delightful duty and privilege of directing these young enthusiasts into new lines of Christian work, and to press upon their fresh, young hearts the wonderful blessings of consecrated living. You may be sure that these young girls were not the only ones who were receiving an education in work for Jesus.

To be most helpful to her charge, Mrs. Tremont found it necessary to herself to be thoroughly well informed and among the leaders in all Christian effort. She had dropped out of active work in the church some years before because of illness in her family; had lost her grasp on the questions of interest before her own church; had grown discouraged because of her inability to keep abreast with the march of progress, and was fast growing cold-hearted and indifferent. But now she let nothing escape her notice, and her active mind worked and planned and prayed for light and guidance that she might be able to give intelligent direction to the consecrated energy she must be able to mould aright.

And the superintendent looked on with glad and thankful heart at the sure transformation of Class A. He was not in the least surprised when two of the young ladies secured positions under the care of the Board of Home Missions and left for their fields of labor in the far South-west. When the remainder of the class started a mission school in an old mill in the outskirts of the city, and spent their Sunday afternoons with the poor and ignorant little ones of that neighborhood, teaching them the way of eternal life, Mrs. Tremont's happiness was complete.

That the influence of these young girls was telling for Christ in their own homes and in the community no one could doubt. and that they were and still are a mighty factor in the building up of God's cause wherever their different lots are cast, is only what is just and good and what we had a right to expect.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

How Monahan Won His Shoulder Straps.

('Australian Christian World.')

'G. Melville Monahan,' he wrote his name, and when I listed the registration slips, I paused over G. Melville Monahan, and smiled, picturing to myself a tall, would-be-fashionable youth, afflicted with much affectation; but it was the first day of school, and in the excitement of getting my part of our educational machine in running order, G. Melville's name was forgotten and did not occur again until a few days later when I was engaged in the laborious task of making an attachment between my list of names and the hundred and fifty faces before me. The owners of these faces were to be divided into four divisions, and then it was that I located G. Melville.

I called his name once, glancing about the room for the man of my fancy—no answer; twice—then from under my very eyes a red, freckled hand waved timidly, a ruddy face and pale blue eyes smiled upward and a thatch of wiry red hair seemed to rise in greeting.

I could only stare. Was this tiny bunch of rose-colored humanity to be addressed as G. Melville? It could not be, so I said without ceremony:

'Monahan, report in Division B.'

'Yes'm,' he answered faintly, but the smile was luminous and undiminished, and I could see that, although badly frightened, G. Melville was game.

I endeavored to learn more of Monahan that day, but discovered only one thing—that he had come down from Berthoude, a little mountain town, for the purpose of attending the High School. More than this it was impossible to learn, for in the confusion attendant upon the first week of school, G. Melville's identity had not impressed itself very strongly, and he was as yet 'a youth to fortune and to fame unknown.' So I was forced, for the time, to content myself with the more meagre information until I could learn more from the boy himself.

This was not a trifle difficult, for, althought Monahan responded to my friendly interest, and in the days that followed would often hang about my desk after the day's session was over, he was very reticent concerning himself, and I was forced to draw my information from observation and stray remarks that he let fall.

I discovered that the red hair covered a slow but conscientious brain; that if the carnation tints of his face were any index, he was alive with feeling; that the unattractive blue eyes were honest eyes, and I decided for various reasons, that the small body had been stunted in its growth by overwork. G. Melville was 18, was no taller than a well-grown boy of 12, and slight in addition. His figure, however, was martially erect, and often, when watching the lines though the halls, I could catch the gleam of Monahan's hair in the distance and have to smile from pity and amusement at the obvious efforts he made to assume a military bearing.

We boasted a cadet corps in the High School, and our soldier men were the delight and envy of all the lower-grade boys. This institution was a mighty lever, a goad to the lazy, a stimulus to the indolent, and a further incentive to the already ambitious; for once in the High School proper, the corps was open to all applicants of good standing and proper dimensions.

Not a day passed, after the fall term was fairly started, without the appearance of a new uniform. We invariably followed the same order of reception. I confess that I waited for Monahan's appearance with anxiety. I wondered how the uniform would hang on those rounded shoulders and shrunken limbs; but although Monahan came day after day he was in civilian's dress, and I seemed doomed to disappointment, nor did I regret it much.

Then the boy's work dropped off and the painful discovery was made that the grade, after we all got well into the term, was too advanced for his past training.

I tried to bolster him up, but all to no purpose; he fell lamentably behind, and thereafter tried only in a half-hearted way that was painful because so hopeless.

There was but one thing to be done, and I told Monahan kindly as one can ever tell unpleasant news, that he had better drop to the grade below until Christmas time.

'Yes'm,' he answered manfully, and speaking in his queer, cracked voice; 'and then can I come back again?'

'Oh, yes,' said I, 'and after the review you will have no further trouble with this work.' And then, because I could think of nothing more to say, I patted him on the shoulder; but Monahan could not stand the touch of sympathy. He dropped his books and fled.

He came into my room late in the afternoon with a tall, slender, brown-eyed woman.

'Miss Grooves,' he said, not without a hint of pride, 'this is my mother;' then he left us together. We had quite a talk, and I found G. Melville's mother a very interesting woman. Her theme was, of course, her boy, and I was not an unwilling listener. I got my little friend's history from his cradle. It seems that they had come West, when she was first married, for her husband's health. He had died immediately after the boy's birth, and she had struggled along, God knows how, through the years of his early boyhood. But as soon as Monahan was able he had helped in one way and another to lighten the burden of poverty, and together they had eked out an existence.

She spoke with pride of the various things Monahan had done.

'You could hardly believe,' she said, in conclusion, 'that such a small boy could do so much mechanical labor, but during the two last summers in the mountains, Melville travelled with the Western Union Telegraph men, climbed the poles for them and attached the wires to the insulators.'

Suddenly, one day, came the news that an old aunt of hers had seen fit to die and had bequeathed to her a sum of money, the interest of which kept them comfortably. They lived alone in a little mining town for a few months after this windfall, then decided to come down to Los Angelos for the purpose of sending Melville to school.

He had long dreamed of going to a high school, but when he came and found in addition to its other attractions a cadet corps, his joy was unbounded. His life had been so starved of brightness that the very buttons on the uniform appealed to him; he dreamed of them day and night, and could scarcely wait to make his application for entrance into the ranks. Here Mrs. Monahan's eyes filled.

'And it did seem too bad,' she said, 'that he could not get on. His father was a captain in the Civil War; we had talked it over so often, and I had drawn the money to buy his suit, when the poor child came home from school and told me he could not enter because he was not tall enough.

' "And I'll never be any taller, mother, that's the worst of it," he said, then he cried. And I guess I cried, too—and now this.' She was crying again, at least the tears were rolling down her face, and I—I got up and closed the window noisily.

Well, we talked it over; I explained to her how infinitely better it would be for Melville to review his work than to go on under the circumstances, and argued to such a purpose that she finally assured me she was content, and withdrew, saying:

'I really feel worse over the cadet part than for this; for here he can catch up in his studies, and I fear he will never grow any taller.' She pulled her veil down with nervous fingers and was gone.

I did not meet her again for several months, but Monahan I saw every day, for the crowded condition of the city schools made it necessary for us to give up the first floor of our building to the eighth grade. Owing to this, I often saw Monahan passing to and from his classes. I scarcely know what I had expected, but I was pleased to behold him as erect as ever and stepping out as gallantly as any soldier dared.

There were busy days, however, and so crowded with work that, before I knew it, the half-year was up and Monahan again in my department. I was glad to see him bright and cheerful, but his path was not exactly strewn with roses. In some way the story of his ambition had crept out, and the cadets—and there were numbers of them—looked upon him with manifest pity and superiority. All this made me sorry for Monahan. Day after day, when on my way home, I passed him, leaning against the stone balustrade in front of the building and watching the daily drill with eyes of pitiful longing. Poor Monahan! I even regretted that he had left Berthoude; but the time came when, in a few short moments, Monahan, little, stunted Monahan became the hero of the school.

One day, early in June, upon my return from lunch, I noticed a manifest commotion in the halls; the girls were talking in excited whispers, and the boys calling out:

'What's wrong? What's the matter?'

Dead silence reigned for a moment, for the girls had seen my approach; suddenly Emily Dea broke from a group, and, running up to me exclaimed, breathlessly:

'Oh, Miss Grooves, there are three girls on the roof. They found keys to the belfry somewhere, and locked every door after them as they went up, and now the trap-door on the roof has caught in some way and they can't get down, for they left the keys in the last door.'

'How do you know all this?' I asked,

sternly, and inwardly terrified, for the space on the top of the roof was narrow, and should the girls become frightened—

'Why, they called down to some of the girls who stayed here in the lunch hour,' Emily continued; 'but they sent word for us to stay inside and not let the principal find it out, and to send some of the boys to pick or break the locks. They are doing it now.'

Just here a far-away scream interrupted Emily. Consternation fell upon us. What could it mean? Collecting my wits, I sent for the janitor to bring his tools. Another scream and another. We ran downstairs and into the open, but, meeting the janitor and the principal on the way I told the trouble. They hurried upward as fast as they could, and I followed the crowd.

By this time the entire school, teachers and pupils, were out on the campus, gazing up at the dizzy heights of the roof. The roof was sloping, and would have ended in a ridge at the top had it not been levelled off, leaving a flat space not more than three feet wide. By standing back some distance I could see that two of the girls were lying face downward, but Nettie Forde was standing upright, with arms outstretched and uttering one terrified scream after another as she became more terrified by the situation.

'Lie down, lie down, shut your eyes!' we called to her.

'I can't, I can't; I'm going to fall—something is pulling me down!' she shrieked, insane with fear.

Then—I hope I shall never see such a sight again—she commenced to sway back and forth, then fell slowly to her knees, and forward on her face, resting on her head and knees.

Below in the crowd a chill of horror kept every lip dumb, but only for a moment; then such a groan burst forth; it was unlike anything I have ever heard issue from human lips. From one of the upper windows the principal shouted—

'Tell the girls to lie still. We have only one more door to get through. Tell them to be patient.'

One more door! It might as well have been twenty. When Nettie fell forward on her face she remained swaying from side to side, then slowly her body settled toward the slope of the roof. Lightly, oh so lightly, it rested on the very edge; a single movement and the girl would have rolled down the slope and been dashed to pieces on the stone projection over the entrance, eighty feet below.

Silence fell suddenly upon the crowd. We were afraid to breathe, lest it might stir her a hair's breadth. Faintly from within could be heard the blows of the hammer, battering at the locks. Each blow seemed to beat against our hearts.

The flagstaff ran up close to the building, a tall iron pole, with the flag flying at the top. Now and then the flag fluttered above the bronze decoration of the roof.

Suddenly a little stir crept through the crowd. All eyes were turned towards the flagstaff. I looked: there was little Monahan, shoes off, and shinning up the iron pole with amazing rapidity.

He went clear to the top, pulled at the rope, tightened something up, then, grasping the flag at its outer edge, jumped into space. He kicked the pole as he went, and this gave him quite an impetus. Another backward kick, the flag swung gallantly back and forth, once, twice—ah, it began to dawn upon us—back and forth again. Then the flag blew free, two little wiry hands grasped the gutter over the decorations, a twist and spring of the body and Monahan ran up the sloping roof like a diminutive but agile spider. One second more, he reached the top, pushed the unconscious girl into a position of safety, then, snatching off his cap, he waved it bravely in the air, but not before a cheer, half sobs, half frantic joy burst forth. Again and again it rang out, and when the janitor and principal broke through, to carry three unconscious girls down instead of one, they did not have time to wonder about Monahan. The captain, the sergeants, the corporals, the cadet corps, were at their backs; they grabbed, seized upon, captured Monahan, set him upon their shoulders and marched with him below stairs, to the entrance step. Here they stood in triumph while cheer upon cheer rang forth for Monahan, not only from the school, but from half the townspeople, who had gathered there. Mothers wept over him, fathers patted him on the back, and poor Monahan turned redder than ever. Even then the boys would not let him go, but carried him home to his mother, who cried and laughed by turns, but never took her arms from around her boy while they told the story.

The morning papers, the day following, came out in big headlines with Monahan's brave deed. The principal took half an hour from the day's recitations to praise him. Then he called upon the blushing Monahan to rise, and announced that the captain of the cadet corps had a word to say.

Holmes, the big captain, came forward, and turning to Monahan, said, in a voice broken with feeling—

'Monahan, I have but few words to say. The first is, you are little, but you are bigger than any cadet or officer in the corps. You have shown the bravery of a soldier and the courage of a dozen heroes. The cadets held a called meeting last night, and we decided that we could not do without you another day and you will enter our ranks as a commissioned officer.'

Then was Monahan's cup of happiness full. He tried to speak, but could only jerk his head in acknowledgement. Just then someone shouted—'What's the matter with Monahan?' Girls, boys, visitors, and even the younger and injudicious teachers swelled the chorus in answer—'He's all right!' and in the confusion Monahan escaped and ran home to tell his mother.

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Factory Religion

'No, sir,' said Scofield, the factory engineer, emphatically, 'there is no such thing as factory religion! It's a contradiction. Why, my engine won't run if I don't swear at times.'

'How do you know?' asked the listener.

The fireman laughed.

Scofield turned upon him like a flash. 'Tom,' said he, with an oath, 'wheel in ten or twelve more barrowfuls of that Nova Scotia coal. There isn't half enough to last until six o'clock.'

The fireman departed without a word, and the engineer bustled around the room, oiling the slides, testing the water, opening and shutting valves.

'Well, I suppose I must leave you,' said the visitor, rising from his chair and holding out his hand. 'Will you not give the subject a thought?'

The engineer shook his head. 'It's no place for religion, I tell you,' he said. 'To my mind, factories ought never to have been built. God intended man to live out in the free air and enjoy nature. There is plenty of room out of doors; but here where the very pulleys swear at their work, where steam shrieks and curses, here is no place for religion.'

'Tom!' cried Scofield, after the minister had left, 'don't bother about any more coal, my boy. I was out of sorts when I spoke. There is enough in now to last a week.'

'I couldn't help laughing, though,' said Tom, wiping the grimy sweat from his brow; 'you know that you never did try to do anything without swearing.'

The engineer made no reply, but opened a paper and seemed to read. The printed words, however, did not engage his attention, but most vividly what the fireman said came before him again and again.

Was it as bad as that? Could he do nothing without swearing? He would begin early next morning, and for every oath uttered he would drop a small brass nail into a tumbler that was in the window. He rather thought that the tumbler would be empty at night, now that he had got his will up.

The next day came. Scofield arose at five, as usual, and, going downstairs in his stocking feet, stepped on a tack. The volley of oaths that followed counted out seven nails for the tumbler. The buckwheat cakes, a collar-button, the cat, a slow clock, and the remembrance of his purpose, scored five more. Then with grim determination he shut his teeth and said not a word more until he reached the engine-room, where he counted out the twelve nails and threw them into the tumbler with an oath—yes, an oath of relief. He was half across the room before the last one dawned upon him, but, true to his purpose, he walked back, and put another nail into the glass.

All day long he struggled, and at night the tumbler held thirty nails. Scofield was startled. He had never dreamed that he was so profane, and the habit had such a 'grip' upon him. At last he went to 'Christian Tim,' an old man in the steel works, and told him the whole affair. Tim pondered a while, and then said, 'You may be able to leave off in time by your willpower, but I know a better way.'

'What is it?' inquired the other.

'Ask the help of the Lord Jesus Christ,' said Tim, earnestly. 'Has he not heard every oath? Isn't it against him that you have sinned? I had the same experience myself years ago, but with his help I never feel the least inclination to swear; and as for being happy, the hours are so swift-winged that I can hardly tell where the days go.'

The minister called again upon Scofield.

'There is a factory religion,' said the engineer. 'My firem.n, Tom, and myself are trying to live up to it. There is a little Bible in that desk, and we find time to read some in it every day; and, to tell the truth, I believe the work is less hard, the wheels run smoother, and the valves are tighter; and the whole place is lighter, cleaner, and better for this same factory religion.'—H. C. Rearson, in the 'Illustrated Christian Weekly.'

One Brave Little Member.

Ten little members sitting in a line,
One dropped out and then there were nine.

Nine little members coming in late,
One got excused and then there were eight.

Eight little members by command of heaven,
One forgot his duty and then there were seven.

Seven little members found themselves in a fix,
'Cause one didn't pay, then there were six.

Six little members all of them alive,
One moved away and then there were five.

Five little members felt right heartsore,
One got discouraged and then there were four.

Four little members, all officers, you see,
But the president resigned and then there were three.

Three little members wondered what they should do,
One said 'she didn't know,' and then there were two.

Two little members felt all undone,
One went away crying and then there was one.

One little member stood all alone,
But she didn't feel discouraged and she didn't moan;

She just went to work with a will and a way,
And she worked right along from day to day.

Until she had won every member back;
And the fund in the treasury did not lack,

For of boys and girls there were always a plenty,
And instead of ten they now number twenty.

And you, little member, and you and you,
Can do what this one little member did do,

If you work and pray from day to day
And never get discouraged and stay away.
—'Children's Missionary.'

'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' 'Heartily, as to the Lord.'

Some Things Every Boy Should Learn.

To trust and obey his Creator.

To honor his father and mother by believing in them and obeying them against all odds, to any extent, short of disobeying God.

To love his home whether the carpets are rag or velvet, but to try to make it a better place to live in.

To honor his country and its flag; to glory in their noble history and their brilliant destiny; to prefer the ballot to the bullet, and to admire civic courage as well as martial valor.

To do something well with tools; to master at least the rudiments of some trade other than that which he expects to follow as a livelihood.

To understand the powers and needs of his body, and treat it with as much care as a high pressure steam-engine.

To take part in all manly sports without losing his temper or recklessly endangering life or limb.

To treat a good horse like a brother.

To cultivate any natural bent toward music or drawing, however slight, at least to the extent of the ability to play simply upon some instrument and to sketch or photograph passably well.

To write shorthand and be able to read it, rapidly if he can, slowly anyway. This can be acquired by any boy of persistence who begins before he is fourteen.

To spell correctly.

To stick to things until he does what he planned even at the cost of weariness or ridicule, unless the plan was clearly unwise or impracticable.

To be brave enough not to fear being laughed at. This takes grit.

To think twice before he chooses a new friend or drops an old one.

To stay outdoors in the afternoon and indoors in the evening.

To despise all vulgar habits, such as smoking cigarettes, spitting in public places, loafing on street corners and laughing at misfortunes, whether 'all the fellows' do such things or not.

To lend willingly and borrow reluctantly; to contract no unnecessary debts; to pay a debt before he buys a new necktie.

To remember that it is hard to forget a bad story or a mean act.

To pray as if he were talking to his father in the dark.

To make a fresh start every morning, not to wait till Jan. 1.

And to do all the ordinary, familiar things that boys are told to do in sermons and school readers; but above all:

To do his best when nobody is looking on.

Not to be Envied

'How those little chaps do enjoy playing together!' said John Evans to his wife one day, as he stood watching his Ned play ball with Charley Willard and Edgar Perry.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Evans, soberly; 'they are on an equality, but ten or fifteen years from now how will it be? Then Charley Willard will be worth thousands, and our Ned will be his shoemaker, maybe.'

'If he is, I hope he will make the best boots in the market.'

'Think of that little fellow being heir to a quarter of a million,' continued Ned's mother, gazing at Charley, wistfully.

'Well, Mary, I believe the poor man's boy has a better chance than the rich man's son.'

'Chance of what?'

'A chance to achieve real success.'

'You talk like an old fogy, John.'

The next week Ned wanted a ball of his own, and began to tell how Charley Willard bought everything he wished, just when he wanted.

'Earn it for yourself, my boy; then you will have strength to throw it higher than if it dropped into your hands,' said the father. And that was always the way after that. What Ned got, he must work for; what Charley wanted he had for asking. Soon it was a question of costlier things than balls. Both wanted a pony and new school books. Ned could not have the pony, so he took the books and studied them well. Charley could have both, but the pony was the most entertaining, so he let the books alone.

When the boys were eighteen, one was very popular, and naturally it was the one whose pocket-book always held enough to treat a crowd whatever fun was going. Ned had friends, but their sport had to be inexpensive. They skated instead of driving fast horses; they spent their evenings in one another's homes, or at lectures, while Charley's friends could afford theatres and saloons. Of course, it came to be a principle, and there was a time when Ned, with twice Charley's money, would not have Charley's tastes; but after all, in the beginning, money made the difference. Ned, from a little boy, knew that he must earn his place in the big crowded world if ever he had any place worth having. Charley grew each day to realize that he possessed everything that gold could buy, or the means to acquire it. Ned did not like shoemaking, so he studied law. Charley 'read' it, too, but first he travelled around the world and saw what there was 'to be seen.'

Mrs. Evans forgot his existence, until one day Ned—who was a man of wealth and influence—Ned, now 'Judge Evans,' said to his mother, 'Poor Charley Willard, do you remember him?'

'Why, of course I do. What of him?'

'He died to-day of apoplexy, brought on by fast living and hard drinking. Poor fellow; he had too much money; everything came to him without work, and life was all play to him.'

'Yes; if he had fought his way up as you had to fight yours, Ned, he would not have wasted his strength and his manhood,' said Ned's mother, forgetting entirely that night, years before, when she had thought Charley very fortunate.—'Temperance Banner.'

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

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'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
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'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year

What One Girl Did.

(Loveday A. Nelson, in 'Ram's Horn.')

'Piece bed, piece bed!' pegged baby Jim.

'Mamma's hands are dirty now.'

'Piece bed!' he plaintively continued.

'In a little while,' said mamma.

Susie was making a doll's dress. She dropped her things on the porch where she was sitting and came to the baby.

'Come, Jim; Susie will get you some bread.'

'O-o-o-oh-ow-ow!' screamed Bobbie, who had been trying to whittle. At sight of the blood which trickled from his finger, he yelled louder and louder.

Susie ran to him and tied up the finger.

* * *

It was wash Monday. When the children came from school at noon, mamma was hurrying the cooking so that papa might have his dinner on time. Baby, who was less thoughtful, was fretting and crying for attention. Susie washed his dirty face and hands and took him into the yard. When he was quieted, she returned to the kitchen.

'I am afraid that papa's dinner will not be quite ready,' said the hurrying mamma, spreading the cloth.

'Perhaps it will be,' cheerily answered the twelve-year-old child. 'I will set the table for you.'

* * *

'What has become of my bootjack?' impatiently asked grandpa in the evening.

'It is under the stand behind the door,' answered mamma.

'I can't find it.'

'Let me look,' promptly suggested Susie. 'You cannot stoop very well. Perhaps you cannot see it. No, mamma, it is not there.'

'The baby had it on the porch. I seed him with it this afternoon,' announced Bobbie.'

'I will find it;' and in a few moments Susie reappeared with the lost article.

* * *

That evening, before jumping into her comfortable bed, Susie added to her prayer: 'Lord, help me to be a willing helper in our home-making. I cannot do much; but show me litle things that I can do.'

While dressing in the morning, Susie's prayer recurred to her. It is needless to say that she immediately began to look for something. Peeping into grandmother's room she saw the feeble old woman making a great effort to get on her shoes and stockings.

'Good-morning, grandmother; let me help you.'

'I will be so glad if you will. My back is so stiff and my hip pains me so that it hurts me dreadfully to bend over.'

'All right. It won't hurt me.' With deft fingers Susie laced and tied grandmother's shoes, while her tongue rattled happily. 'Somehow I never thought of it before; I will do it for you every morning.'

'God bless you, child; what a help you are learning to be.'

* * *

When she came from school that afternoon, Susie found mamma suffering with a sick headache.

'Now Susie has come, can't you lie down and rest a bit?' asked grandma.

'Oh, no, I can't. Supper is to be got. As there is no bread, I must bake biscuits.'

'Yes, mamma. I can take baby out and get him quieted; then John can watch him and grandma and I can get supper,' chimed in Susie.

'You can't make biscuits.'

'But, mamma, I can learn. I can fetch all the things and grandma will show me how to make them and watch them bake. Won't you, grandma?'

'Of course I will. Lie down and try to rest those tired nerves.'

Mamma reluctantly obeyed when Susie had taken the baby and called the children into the yard.

'There's Jennie Jones coming to play. Oh, dear, what shall I do?'

After greetings had been exchanged, Susie proposed, 'Let us play "keep house" down in the lower end of the lot under the elm.'

As 'keeping house' was something of which even the boys never tired of playing, and as baby was, as usual, soothed by Susie's tender care, all were soon absorbed in a quiet game out of reach of mamma's sensitive ears. After playing a while, Susie told Jennie how bad her mother was feeling and asked her if she would please play on with the other children and excuse her, as supper was fast drawing near.

'Then, to-morrow, if mamma is better, I will go over to your house to play,' said Susie.

Jennie said that she would. So Susie hastened to the house. First, she closed the bedroom and the kitchen door that mamma might be disturbed as little as possible.

Grandma told her to bring some sweet milk, lard, flour, the baking-powder and a bit of salt. Then when the pans, rolling-pin and other tools were ready, she sat by the table and directed the making of the biscuit.

Do you think that Susie had undertaken an easy job? Oh, no; her hands were covered with dough, and she had difficulty in getting them cleaned off. She had to hurry to get the table fixed in time. Then baby got to fretting again. But her good will and determination helped her to get through. True—supper was not quite ready when papa came home; but, seeing that his little girl was really trying to do her best he cared for baby and patiently waited.

When everything was ready Susie stole into the bedroom to find mamma quietly sleeping. So she managed to get the children to the table without disturbing her.

* * *

That evening, as was her custom, before getting into bed, she prayed as earnestly as though she was unconscious of having learned even a lesson in happy home-making.

One day her teacher said to the principal,' Susie Try is doing so much better. She is much more thoughtful and determined and her work is improving.'

Not very long after Mrs. Try said to her husband, 'You do not know what a help and comfort Susie has come to be. I do not know what has made such a change in the child. She is so patient with the little ones, so kind to grandma and grandpa and she is learning to help me quite a little with the cooking.'

'Poor, overburdened mamma, I am very glad that she had taken that turn. I notice that she watches and keeps the reading table straightened and never fails to have a bunch of fresh flowers on the dinner table.'

'The dear girl is indeed making a real, bright ray of sunshine of herself.'

A Boy on a Farm.

What would become of farms without boys? And what would become of boys without farms? The strongest boys are farmers' boys. The longest-lived boys are farmers' boys. The best and ablest merchants, statesmen, ministers, editors, and great men generally, are mostly farmers' boys. And if farmers' boys will read, study, learn, and improve, avoiding strong drink, tobacco, vice, and sin, they will have no reason to dread comparison with any class of boys on earth.

To be sure, a farmer's life has work in it, but how much better to live and work out in God's breezy world, so full of health and beauty, than to live, labor, and 'loaf' penned up in a city, never setting foot on the soil, but spending the days in toil, and the nights in folly and dissipation!

It is true that boys are not always appreciated at first. But who is? If they keep toiling on, their turn will come by and by. One writer says the following good word for boys:

'It is my impression that a farm without a boy would soon come to grief. What a boys does is the life of the farm. He is the factotum, always in demand, and always expected to do a thousand and one things that nobody else will do. Upon him fall the odds and ends, the most difficult things. After everybody else is through, he is to finish up. His work is like a woman's—perpetually waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to cook a good dinner than to wash the dishes afterward.

'Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do—things that must be done, or life actually would stop. It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the post office, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as a centipede, they would tire before night.

'He brings wood and water, he splits kindling; he gets up the horse and turns out the horse. Whether he is in the house or out of it, there is always something to do. Just before school in winter, he shovels paths; and in the summer he turns a grindstone. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupation, he is an idle boy, who has nothing to busy himself with except school and chores. He would gladly do all the work, if somebody else would do the chores, he thinks; and yet, I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education in the way of chores.'—'Common People.'

Autumn Offers.

See the special autumn offers announced in this issue. The boys and girls have the opportunity of securing a premium and at the same time extend the usefulness of the 'Messenger' by circulating it among their friends.

'Pleased Not Himself.'

(Hope Daring, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

'"For even Christ pleased not himself."' Rupert Gray repeated the words softly. 'I don't seem to know just what they mean, but I'll ask mamma.'

Rupert was on his way home from Sabbath school. His teacher was very kind, and her little pupils usually carried home some truth from the lesson that helped them do right. That morning, though, Rupert had somehow failed to grasp the meaning of the golden text.

Dinner was ready when he reached the house, so the question had to be postponed. Rupert had a good appetite for dinner; the Grays lived in the country, and his walk in the crisp, cold air made him relish the roast chicken and cranberry sauce, to say nothing of the orange pudding for dessert.

After dinner Nora carried the dishes to the kitchen. While Mrs. Gray was putting the table and sideboard in order, Rupert asked her about the words from the Bible.

'Why, dear, they mean just what they say. Instead of pleasing himself Christ did things for others.'

'Even if He didn't want to?'

'I think He wanted to. His life and death were to help us all. We can be like him in doing for others.'

'I don't see yet. What can I do?'

'You can play the games that Lura likes and can understand. You can run errands for Tom, hang up your cap and coat, please papa by standing straight instead of stooping, and—'

'But, mamma, I mean to do those things, only I forget.'

'Ah, I see. You please yourself.'

'No, no. It's not—'

Rupert stopped. At that moment his father entered the dining-room, and the boy said no more.

'I suppose I ought to go and read my Sunday-school paper to Lura,' he thought.

Lura was only four and asked so many questions. Rupert read to her, though, remembering about not pleasing himself. The little girl listened very attentively.

Little Great-Grandpapa.
Here is the first embroidered cap
Which covered his bald little pate;
And these the corsets they laced him in
To make his small back straight.
This is the cradle in which he was rocked
Fore and aft like a ship at sea;
And here is the silver porringer
These are the trowsers he first did wear;
His primer, plummet and pen;
Also his own little high backed chair
And his portrait when aged ten.
E.W. Talbot Smith

The next day both at home and at school there were many chances for Rupert to please others. He remembered the talk with his mother and tried to follow Christ's example.

'It is strange I never thought about it before,' he said to himself. 'I will not forget again.'

It is not wise to be too sure. That very evening Rupert came near forgetting.

It was dusk when Tom called the boy from where he was riding down hill. Tom was the Grays' hired man. He was old but strong and trusty, although he was very deaf.

'I forgot to shut the gate to the wood lot,' he said. 'Would you be 'fraid to run down there?'

Rupert hesitated. The gate was a quarter of a mile away, not down the main road but on an unfrequented one which passed along the side of the farm. The boy was afraid, although he knew there was nothing to hurt him.

'Eh?' Tom asked. ''Fraid, be you? Well, I'll go after I've finished my chores, but I'm powerful tired.'

Tom had been drawing wood all day. It was snowing, too, and the old man's rheumatism was always worse in a storm. Well, he ought to have remembered the gate.

Rupert started. He remembered something. 'Even Christ pleased not himself.' And he was planning to please himself by lying on the rug, roasting apples, while Tom, old and tired, trudged through the snow.

'I'll go, Tom,' he called cheerily, taking the lantern from the old man's hand.

He whistled as he hurried along. When he reached the edge of the wood lot, where the tall forest trees grew near the fence, his heart beat a trifle faster. However, he whistled the louder.

At last he reached the gate. How dark it was! The snow flakes came faster and faster, while the cold north wind stung his face.

Slowly he swung the gate into place and fastened it. Just as he started to retrace his steps a sound, a muffled cry, reached him.

Rupert was frightened. He bent his head to listen. Again the cry came, and it sounded like the word 'help.'

'I am afraid,' he whispered, 'but I'll try not to please myself.'

The next moment he was running in the direction from which the cry came, calling and swinging his lantern. The voice replied. Soon he could understand the words.

'I am here by the side of the road. My horse threw me, breaking my leg.'

It was not until Rupert reached the side of the injured man that he recognized him.

'Uncle Frank!' he cried. 'Why, how did you come here?'

It was indeed Rupert's uncle. He lived several miles away. Business had called him to that part of the country, and he had planned to spend the night with the Grays. The road upon which the accident had occurred was very little travelled. Had he been obliged to remain there all night, he would have perished before morning.

Rupert ran to the house for help. Mr. Gray and Tom harnessed the horses hitched them to the sleigh, and in a short time Uncle Frank was on the couch before the fire.

'It is fortunate you went to close the gate,' Mr. Gray said to his son. 'Tom is so deaf he would not have heard Frank.'

'I am so glad I didn't forget to please some one besides myself,' was Rupert's reply.

Marion's Extract.

Every thing had gone wrong with Marion Douglas that Monday morning. In the first place, breakfast was late, and she had spoken unkindly to the cook, and been reproved by her mother. Then her little sister, Allie, had accidentally upset her cup of coffee, and spilled it all over her new plaid merino. She rose from the table very angry and rushed up-stairs to change her dress. Some word which her Sunday-school teacher had said to her only the morning before crossed her memory.

'It is of no use,' she said aloud, 'for me to try to be a Christian. I might as well give up.'

As she stood, a few moments later, with her hat and cloak on, ready for school, she remembered that it was her turn to learn and repeat four lines of a poem from some author. She caught up her book of extracts and opened it.

What was it that caused the tears to flow from her eyes, and her lips to move in prayer?

She stood a moment committing the lines to memory, then went down and spoke pleasantly to the cook, and kissed her mother and Allie good-bye, and went away to school. And when it was her turn to give an extract she rose, and, with a bright, unclouded face, repeated slowly:—

'The little worries which we meet each day
May lie as stumbling-blocks across our way,
Or, we may make them stepping-stones to be,
Of grace, O Christ, to Thee.'

—Am. Paper.

Little Great-Grandmama.

Here is her portrait for you to see:
A proper good, mannerly child was she
This is the bonnet she braided and wore
To meeting the day she was aged four.
This is her sampler.
I show you next,
Wrought with figures, letters and text
These are the quills she used to wind
And the reel that clicked as the skeins she twined.
This is the wheel on which she did spin
And the gourd she wet her finger in.
When her stint was all done for the day
These are the dolls with which she did play.
E. W. Talbot Smith

The First Wrong Button.

'Dear me,' said little Janet, 'I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong,' and she tugged and fretted as if the poor button were at fault for her trouble.

'Patience, patience, my dear, said mamma. 'The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep the rest all right. And,' added mamma, 'look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another is sure to follow.'

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong just because the first one was wrong.—Evangelist.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

LESSON XIII.—SEPT. 27.

Quarterly Review.

Read Psalms viii., xix., xxvii

Golden Text.

The Lord is my light and my salvation. Psalm xxvii., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 21.—I. Sam. viii., 1-10.
Tuesday, Sept. 22.—I. Sam. x., 17-27.
Wednesday, Sept. 23.—I Sam. xv, 13-23.
Thursday, Sept. 24.—I. Sam. xvi., 4-13.
Friday, Sept. 25.—I. Sam. xx., 12-23.
Saturday, Sept. 26.—I. Sam. xxxi., 1-13.
Sunday, Sept. 27.—II. Sam. ii., 1-10.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

TO THE TEACHER.

The lessons we have studied during the past three months have had a very marked spiritual significance. It would be hard to find any two associated characters which so well show the difference between a Spirit led life and a life that has grieved the Spirit until he no longer strives with the heart, as do those of David and Saul.

A Sunday-school lesson is more than a study of mere history or morals. If you can do no more, week after week, and month after month, than to point out this and that good deed, the nobility of such-a-one's conduct, or the evil done by this other person, and then deliver some commonplace warning or advice about conduct, you can hardly hope to succeed as a Sunday-school teacher. It is the teacher's duty and privilege to press home vital spiritual truths, and to work for and expect tangible results from such seed-sowing.

It is an error to suppose that this sort of work finds a basis only in the New Testament, for the lessons of the past quarter are a rich mine of spiritual truth. What can be more striking than the noble, yet humble and obedient conduct and bearing of David after he had received the anointing of the Spirit as well as the outward anointing with oil by the prophet Samuel? On the other hand, where in the Old Testament is there a story of a more terrible decline and downfall, of a greater failure in the presence of such splendid opportunities, than we have in the case of Saul? With such materials in hand, the class should not pass from this quarter's studies without a clear understanding of the place and importance of the indwelling Spirit in the life of the Christian.

A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE QUARTER'S LESSON.

The lessons we are now reviewing deal with the peaceful revolution by which Israel changed its outward form of government. Previous to the clamor of the people for a king, they had been ruled by judges who acted, we might say, as the agents of God in the administration of the affairs of the nation. True they were not always true to the highest principles, but they were the men by whom God directed the affairs of his people, more especially at times when they needed some leader who could bring them out of distress.

But Israel had mingled somewhat with the nations round about, and the idea of having a king, as they each had, gained a firm hold. Therefore, in spite of the solemn protest of the prophet-judge, Samuel, who conveyed to them the warning of God himself, they persisted in asking for a king, and God yielded to their request, though warning them of the consequences.

In these lessons we have the account of the choice of the first king, and of his unhappy reign, closing with his suicide in the hour of national disaster. Saul gives evidence of a disobedient heart, and a new character is brought into prominence, in a young shepherd who is anointed to succeed Saul. His career, up to the time we see him finally enthroned, is interwoven in the text with that of Saul.

FOUR CHIEF MEN.

Events in life gather around persons. We do not think of the Reformation without remembering Luther, the discovery and settlement of the New World without calling to mind Columbus, or the American Revolution unless Washington is prominently before us. This period in Israel's history, as the Bible presents it, centres about four prominent men. Instead of the tedious methods of conducting a review, lesson by lesson, suppose we take these prominent characters as the centres about which to group the main facts.

SAMUEL.

What can you recall of the prophet's early history? What is your opinion as to his character? Was he obedient to the commands of God whereby his power as judge would be given up on account of the change to a kingdom? Did Samuel's influence cease in Israel after Saul became king? Can you recall how he spoke to the king when the latter proved disobedient to the command of God? What noted address did he make in the period of which we have been studying? What official act connected with the establishment of the kingdom did he twice perform? Under whose reign did he die? Under what circumstances does he again appear and what prediction does he then make? Read I. Samuel i.-ii., 11, and you will learn how Samuel's godly career was determined by his devout mother. Here is a lesson for parents.

SAUL.

What can you say of Saul's appearance? What special blessing came upon him when he was anointed by Samuel? (I. Samuel x.) Does such a blessing come to individuals in these days? How did the people choose Saul king? Do you remember his singular conduct on this occasion? Give some of the acts of disobedience of which he was guilty? What were some of his military campaigns? After he had been rejected by God as king, what disposition did he develop? What very important loss resulted from his disobedience? Of whom did he become especially jealous, and why? How many times did he seek to kill him with his own hand? What sinful act did Saul commit the last night of his life? How did he die?

DAVID.

It would be well if the scholar prepared for review a simple outline sketch of David's career thus far, as he is one of the most prominent characters in sacred history, and one of the human ancestors of our Lord. The story of the young shepherd, anointed to be a future king, slaying a giant in the presence of two armies, gaining great popularity, developing military ability, becoming first a royal favorite, then an exile through his king's jealousy, his magnanimous conduct toward the latter, his religious character and his writings, his finally becoming king—all these things and others make an exceptionally interesting as well as instructive and inspiring life story.

JONATHAN.

In Jonathan we have courage, faithful friendship, and nobility of character. He comes into the history chiefly as the friend and helper of David, but his character has made him one of the worthy men of the Old Testament.

Next week we have the lesson, 'David Brings up the Ark,' II. Samuel vi., 1-12.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Sept., 27.—Topic—An evening with Japanese missions. Mal. iv., 2, 3.

Junior C. E. Topic.

HOME MISSIONS.

Monday, Sept. 21.—Giving. Phil. iv., 16, 17.

Tuesday, Sept. 22.—Testifying. Ps. li., 13.

Wednesday, Sept. 23.—Praying. Ps. cxxiii., 2.

Thursday, Sept. 24.—First missionaries. Acts i., 8.

Friday, Sept. 25.—Beginning at home. Luke xxiv., 46, 47.

Saturday, Sept. 26.—Inviting others. John i., 40, 41.

Sunday, Sept. 27.—Topic—How may we be home missionaries. II. Kings v., 1-6; Mark v., 19, 20.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

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A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Sept. 5, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Canada and Germany—The New York 'Sun.'
That German Experiment—By George W. Smalley, American Correspondent of the London 'Times,' in 'Collier's Weekly.'
The Taxation of Food—A Remarkable Letter—English papers.
The Race Problem in the United States—By Lyman Abbott, in the 'American Review of Reviews.' Abridged.
The Negro Problem in South Africa—By Arthur Hawkes, in the 'American Review of Reviews.' Abridged.
Our Norman Visitors—The 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
An Influential Meeting—The 'Westminster Budget.'
A Punning Answer—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A Craftsman Who Wrote—By C.P.H., in the 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Frederick Law Olmsted—The New York 'Evening Post.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Dawn—Poem, by John Masefield, in the 'Tribune,' New York.
'Mister Wudsworth'—The Lake Poet Remembered by Villagers—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
The Dogmas of Free Thought—An Interlude on Buddhism and Mr. Blatchford—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Commonwealth.'
The Apotheosis of Middle Age—The 'Spectator,' London.
Barlasch of the Guard—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph.'
The Use of the Novel—Lord Goschen on Fiction—The 'Daily News,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Ruskin's Jewels—By W. G. Collingwood, in 'Good Words,' London.
Science and Industry—The 'Morning Post,' London.
The New Movement in Commercial Education—By Frank Waldo, Ph.D., Cambridge, in the 'Century Magazine.' Abridged.
Does the Mississippi Run Up Hill? Plumb Line Deflections and their Importance in Scientific Research—New York 'Evening Post.'
Sculpture by Machinery—The 'Morning Post,' London.

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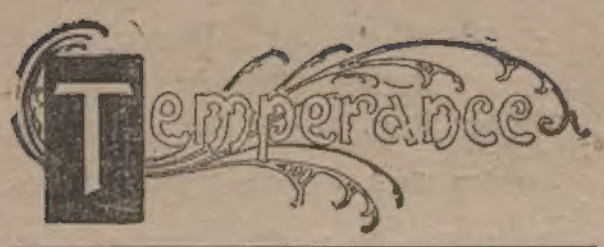

The Parting of the Ways.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

(Mary G. Crocker, in 'Christian Work.')

The partin' o' the ways? Well, stranger, yes,
Thet left-hand road'll take ye straight to town
Ez straight ez ye kin get, I ruther guess,
But won't ye rest a bit and set ye down?
I know which way them roads go, ye kin bet,
Fur I've had cause to know 'em. 'Twas this way—
Mebbe ye won't mind listnin', as ye set,
To an old tale I don't tell every day.

I don't tell everybody, stranger, no,
For most folks wouldn't noways care to hear
A poor old man go pratin' on, and so
I haven't told it now fur many a year.
But it was this way: Me and Nancy Brown
Had been a-keeping company a year,
When we got hitched, sir, yes, an' settled down
In this same little cottage ye see there.

An' happy! well, I ruther guess we was;
An' Nancy, with her lovin', gentle ways,
Went singin' 'round the house ez wild birds does,
Too happy fur much talkin' in them days.
Too happy. but it couldn't last. There came
An awful shadow into Nancy's eyes.
'Twas all along o' me. I was to blame
Fur all them sleepless nights, an' tears an' sighs.

Ye must ha' seen it ez ye came along—
The tavern, standin' where the two roads part;
Well, it was thet ez made all go wrong,
An' it was thet was breakin' Nancy's heart!
Well, one bright day, when harvest-time was past,
When Nancy's baby looked up into my face,
I said, God helpin' me, I've spent the last
I'll ever spend in that soul-cursing place.

But mebbe, stranger, ye don't know how strong
A grip the devil sometimes gets on men;
Mebbe ye don't know, but it wasn't long—
I'd found the partin' o' the ways again,
And things went on, ez bad ez bad could be,
All through the winter, an' one summer night
All warm an' full of perfume, there was me,
A-coming from the tavern, an' a sight.

Stranger, I saw I never kin forget;
Nancy had come to meet me an' she stood
There at the bars, in white, I see her yet,
And in her arms the boy so sweet an' good.
But I,—my brain was crazed, stranger, I think—
An' I know what I say—I've cause to know—
The devil himself was in me, fur the drink
Made me a fiend an' not a man, and so

I struck at Nancy standing there so sweet,
So sweet and pretty in her muslin gown,
And there she fell right at my very feet,
My little Nancy, I had knocked her down.
I thought I'd killed her, an' the curse o' Cain
I felt was on me, for I'd sobered then,
An' startin' off, I ran, my maddened brain
Drivin' me fur from every haunt of men.

All night I laid an' fought an awful fear
There in the woods, and all the fiends o' hell
Fought for my guilty soul. Sir, I could hear
Them ravin' round with shout an' jeer an' yell.
The mornin' came. I staggered to my feet
An' tried to find the way home. Oh, thet day!
The sun shone, an' the birds sung loud an' sweet,
And all the earth was blossomin' with May.

An' right across the fields I saw my home,
An' started toward it. Not a sign o' life,
An' nobody to meet me when I come.
Why should there be ef I had killed my wife?
No, stranger, no, don't start so, I was not,
Thank God, a murderer, but goin' in
There I saw Nancy kneeling by the cot
Thet held the baby. No, no! not thet sin.

But one well-nigh ez black—the boy was lame,
Was lame fur life, an' I hed done it, too;
An' there I stood in all my sin and shame
An' Nancy lifted up her eyes so blue
An' looked at me. Her face was white and set,
Her voice was cold and hard. 'Stephen,' says she—
Thet awful look I never shall furget—
'Stephen, may God furgive ye! As fur me,

'I kin ef He kin, but the baby there,
Will never walk again, long ez he lives.
Oh, Stephen! Stephen! go to God in prayer
And ask him if such sins He e'er furgives!'
I think thet God forgave me, fur ye know
He saves them to the uttermost that come,
Even with sech black sins as mine was. Yes, an' so
Peacefuller days came to our little home.

Fur the strong demon Drink never again
Set foot inside it; but thet couldn't take
Away the memory of the awful pain,
The dreadful guilt and shame, and couldn't make
Our poor lame baby well again. Poor dear,
He went, ere long, to where the lame kin run
An' not be weary. More than forty year
He's been there in the land o' fadeless sun.

Stranger, taint often thet ye see the tears
Run down the cheeks of men ez old ez I;
No, an' I hope it may be many years
Before ye see one with sech cause to cry.
But I won't keep ye longer with my talk;
Keep to the left-hand road, sir, all the way;
And, stranger, may God give ye grace to walk
A straighter road than I did. Well, good-day!

Correspondence

LETTER TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS, SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

Dear Boys and Girls,—Some of you seem to find it quite puzzling to find those verses, and most of you got them nearly all right; but we were pleased to see that there were perfect answers sent in. This next set of verses will be found more difficult still. However it may be with girls, most boys like hard things to do better than easy, so we may expect to see their names this coming month in the list of the successful. All answers should be in before the first of October.—Ed.

REVISED QUOTATIONS FROM THE I. EPISTLE OF ST. PETER FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

1. Yet you believe in him, and exult with a triumphant happiness too great for words.

2. Ransomed from the aimless life in which you were brought up.

3. Keep your daily life among the heathen strictly upright.

4. A woman's attractions should not depend on such external things as the arrangement of her hair.

5. Use in mutual service such gifts as you have each received, dispensing faithfully God's many-sided generosity.

6. He makes you his care.

7. If when you are doing right you take your sufferings patiently, that is beautiful in God's eyes.

Moulmein, Burma.

Dear Editor,—I have received the 'Northern Messenger' for over, a year now through the 'Postal Crusade,' and I must say I enjoy it very much. There is some fine reading in the paper. I think it was Mrs. Cole who proposed that I should write to you, that was long ago. Mrs. Leslie wrote to me also. I should like to write to her, and tell her how much I appreciate the papers sent to me, only I have mislaid her letter and so cannot get her address. I pass the papers on when I am done with them. If you think it would interest any of the boys and girls to know of the life out here I will gladly send an account of it. There are a great many missionaries in this station, some from the Karens, some for the Talaings and Burmese, etc. I must thank Miss Amanda Millar for the great budget of papers she sent me lately. I am afraid I shall have to end right here, as the dusk creeps up very early here, and it is already too dark to write any more.

MARY H.

(We will be glad to hear from you again. —Ed.)

Exploits, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I am sending the texts which I saw in your paper a short time ago. I think it would be nice to have some texts to find out every week. It is a nice way to study the Bible. Mother showed the verses to me one morning, and told me to find them out, so I commenced, and in less than half an hour I had it finished. I hope that there will be some more in the paper next week. I like to be finding them out. I read the whole book of James through first, then began at the beginning again. I like the continued story in the 'Messenger,' 'A Fight Against Odds.' I enjoyed my holidays very much. We are to have a new teacher this year.

ANNIE G. T.

(How many of the readers will try to send in answers regularly if we have a set of Bible questions every week.—Ed.)

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy, eleven years old. I go to school, and am in grade six. I read a great deal, and I like best of all the Henty books. Winnipeg is a very nice city, but its streets are very muddy in the spring. I have a great many pets, and as I like animals, I would not hurt them for anything. I had three rabbits called Joe, Pinktail and Bunny, but they died. I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much. My papa took the 'Northern Messenger' when he was a little boy, when he lived in Ontario. EDDIE K.

Rose Bay, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have never written a letter to the 'Messenger' before. I read all the letters in it, and I am very much interested. This is the second year I am taking the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. I go to school every day, and am in the fifth book. There is a beach near my home, where we go digging clams, and go in bathing. I have one brother, aged nine years, and one sister, aged seven. Their names are John and Amy. Amy has lots of dolls. She has another little girl with her now, helping to make hats for them. There are three churches near my home, Lutheran, Presbyterian and Methodist. I go to the Lutheran church and Sunday-school. I am eleven years of age, and my birthday is on September 6.

LAWRENCE H.

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HOUSEHOLD.

The Girl Who Smiles.

(Mary A. Gillette, in 'Youth's Companion.)

The wind was east, and the chimney smoked,
And the old brown house seemed dreary,
For nobody smiled, and nobody joked,
The young folks grumbled, the old folks croaked,
They had come home chilled and weary.

Then opened the door, and a girl came in,
Oh, she was homely—very;
Her nose was pug, and her cheek was thin,
There wasn't a dimple from brow to chin,
But her smile was bright and cherry.

She spoke not a word of the cold and damp,
Nor yet of the gloom about her,
But she mended the fire, and lighted the lamp,
And she put on the place a different stamp
From that it had had without her.

Her dress, which was something in sober brown,
And with dampness nearly dripping,
She changed for a bright, warm, crimson gown,
And she looked so gay when she so came down
They forgot that the air was nipping.

They forgot that the house was a dull old place,
And smoky from base to rafter,
And gloom departed from every face,
As they felt the charm of her mirthful grace,
And the cheer of her happy laughter.

Oh, give me the girl who will smile and sing
And make all glad together!
To be plain or fair is a lesser thing,
But a kind, unselfish heart can bring
Good cheer in the darkest weather.

Quick Remedies for Mothers.

Flaxseed, says an exchange, is one of the best remedies for a cold on the lungs. Such a cold should never be neglected, for it may speedily result in some more serious ailment. A hot bath should be immediately taken, followed by a cool sponging; the latter will prevent taking more cold. Use flaxseed either ground or whole, and drain off the liquor, thin it sufficiently so that it can be used for a drink. To every bowlful add the juice of one lemon and sugar to make it palatable. Drink freely of this whenever thirsty, or oftener if there is little thirst. The result is wonderful. If there is tickling or roughness in the throat, or hoarseness or an inclination to cough, beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, into a glass, squeeze the juice of a lemon, add as much sugar as it will readily dissolve, then stir in the white of egg, and take a spoonful whenever there is the desire to cough. Many a night that would otherwise be spent in wakefulness by coughing can be spent in quiet slumber.

AUTUMN OFFER.

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I have tried this remedy so often and with such magical results, that I wish I could impress upon my readers its value. If the cough has become established, it will take a little longer to effect a perfect cure, but it will surely bring relief. I need not speak of hot lemonade, for everyone knows its value.

Selected Recipes

Tomato Soup.—Put one can of strained tomatoes in a saucepan with a bunch of sweet herbs; add five cloves, five allspices, five peppercorns and a little salt, and cook slowly for ten minutes. Add one quart of plain soup stock boiling hot. Brown a little butter and flour, mix and let it come to a boil. Stir in the yolks of two eggs.

Monmouth Pudding.—Put a quarter of a pound of fine white breadcrumbs into a bowl and cover them with a pint of boiling milk which has been sweetened to taste, cover the bowl with a plate, and let the bread soak for five minutes. Then beat it up and turn it into a saucepan, and boil it for six minutes, stirring it occasionally. Add an ounce of butter to the bread, and, after removing the pan from the stove, the yokes of two beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of lemon juice, the rind of a small lemon grated, and lastly, the whites of the eggs whisked to a stiff froth. Line a baking dish with paste, and put in a layer of jam, and then fill up the dish with the pudding mixture and bake at once in a fairly quick oven until it is evenly browned.

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This book was compiled by Dr. Orville J. Nave, a United States Army Chaplain, and may be had from Mr. C. H. White, 25 Sussex street, Montreal.

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United States.—Nos. 736,379, Jas. Alf. Gemmill, Carleton Place, Ont., curtain display rack; 736,618, Wm. M. McCallum, Amherst, N.S., core-making machine, 737,-628, Edwin Holmes, Canning, N.S., lamp-chimney holder.

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